Anne. Now forsooth why do you stay me?
What would you with me?

Slen. Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vncle can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me why so. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

An. You say well M. *Slender.*
But first you must giue me leaue to
Be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slen. Why by God, there's neuer a man in christendome can desire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne mistresse *Anne*, your dogs barke so?

An. I cannot tell M. *Slender*, I thinke there be.

Slen. Ha how say you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

An. Yes trust me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run yon to a Beare, and take her by the mussell,
You neuer saw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

An. Will you goe in to dinner M. *Slender*?
The meate staies for you.

Slen. No faith not I. I thanke you,
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate
Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tel you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hot my shin. Yes faith.

Enter

Enter Maister Page.

Pa. Come, come Maister *Slender*, dinner staies for you.

Slen. I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

Pa. You shall not choose I say.

Slen. Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.
Nay be God misteris *Anne*, you shall goe first,
I haue more manners then so, I hope.

An. Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

Exit omnes.

Enter sir Iohn Falstaffes *Host of the Garter,*
Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, *and the boy.*

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

Sir Hu. Hark you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* house, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the street, and enquire of his house for one mistris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maister *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you Sir.

Sir Hu. Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.
I will goe make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheese behinde.

Exit omnes.

Enter sir Iohn Falstaffes *Host of the Garter,*
Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, *and the boy.*

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.